

Transmission from FoxTrot One One

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Category: Halo

Genre: Humor

Language: English

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-03-31 02:13:47

Updated: 2012-03-31 02:13:47

Packaged: 2016-04-27 00:49:49

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 340

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A minor adventure of madness, heavy machinery, and armour lock. Disclaimer: I don't own Halo!

Transmission from FoxTrot One One

__Hello! My first story evvvvvveeeerrrrr! ...Don't eat me!...or my skittles! This came from a random thought about Spartans and armour lock, and those poor, poor marines. They're not the ODST, oh no. Oh! I should mention that italics are background noise.

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><p>Transmission from Fox-Trot One-One
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"Come in Command this is Fox-Trot One-One do you read?"

Click.

"This is Command we read you. Over."

Click.

"We need immediate assistants with Spartan 066. Over."

"_How are we supposed to move her?"_

"_She weights a ton!"_

Click.

"What kind of assistants do you need?
Over."

Click.

Static.

"_Don't touch that! You don't know what it does!"_

"_I think she's in armour lock. Dammit!"_

"_You think she can hear us?"_

"_I don't know!"_

Click.

"Fox-Trot One-One do you read? What kind of assistants do you need? Over."

Click.

"We read you."

"_DON'T WORRY! WE'RE GETTING YOU HELP!"_

"We need heavy transport. Over."

Click.

Silence.

"Fox-Trot, what do you need to transport? You weren't assigned any heavy weaponry. Over."

Click.

"_Can't you count a _SPARTAN _as heavy artillery?"_

"Shut up! I'm trying to talk!"

"_Don't kick her! There's a person in there!"_

"_Don't worry I don't think she felt it."_

"_but I didâ€¦.owwâ€¦."_

Click.

"Fox-Trot is there something medically wrong with Spartan 066, or technical issues with the Mjolnir armour? Over."

Click.

"Command, we aren't completely sure. To be safe you'd best presume both. Over."

"_How the hell are you supposed to tell if one of these guys are hurt anyway? They just get up and walk away!"_

"_And it's not like they're armour sparks when it's on the fritz!"_

Click.

"We'll send a medic and Pelican to your location. Over and Out."

Click.

"_They should probably send a forklift."_

* * *

><p>Reviews, reviews, what to say about reviews? um... don't eat me?
Constructive criticism is welcomed, flames will be eaten by
my bunny, Trevor!

End
file.